

New Guinea
April 7, 1945

My darling Mama:

Tis eleven in the morning and I sit in a nearly bare Sleepy Hollow; a noon time stillness prevails, and the noises in the forest are scarce. I hear a tractor coming down the road & men's voices buzzing. The sky is overcast and smoke from two trash fires drifts lazily upward. I sit without shirt and am a little warm. Mail call is due in a few minutes.

We have quite a bit of beer and I have drunk three cans this morning. A number of cans are stored away in my footlocker. I feel a little lazy from my beer drinking. I believe I prefer drinking beer in the morning than in the afternoon.

I have had lots of mail from you lately which I welcomed heartily: in one v-mail you mentioned that I would gross around \$885.00 on my sheep this year. That is pretty darned good Mama. I am rather fortunate in having you and Ed to handle them for me. All I do is just sort of gather in the money. I realize that it entails quite a bit of work for Ed, and I appreciate his doing that for me. I think, however, that after the lambs are sold, we should run no more than so sheep of mine. Good prices should prevail for a few years and I want you & Ed to make the most of it. By the time I get out of the army I shall have a pretty good stock anyway. One thing, I hope that you can run about fifty sheep for me while I am in Law School – The \$35 or \$40 a month they would bring would be a pretty good help – Don't think that after the war, we should be able to build a pretty good house & new car. Like you, a good car looms large in my appreciation – But I certainly want us to have a good house too. In it, I want to build an attractive and expensive book case, because I intend to contribute a good many books.

Another thing, we shall be able and definitely will, go on yearly vacations – even if some of them are restricted in scope – We still shall take them.

Well little mother I am going for a ride (of about 25 mile) with Smith.

Mama, if there should be a lapse in my letter for a few days – such will be no occasion for you to worry about me – I repeat there will be absolutely no need or reason for worry.

Will Good day – to the bestest of person

Your ever loving son,

John M. Harrod